THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. } TERMS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROPRIETOR OF NEXT PAGE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1706.

Choice Poetry.

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

BY G. L. BANKS.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake:
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold—
When man to man is united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To ponder by affection,
Deep truths from fields of fiction,
Draw wiser from observation,
And distill each great design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too!
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Original Novelet.

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF "LEAH, THE FORSAKEN," "OSAGE MADONNA," "FOREST WILD," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "KATE CLARENDON," "TRAITOR," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by EMERSON BENNETT, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DUEL.

It Graham was surprised at hearing a taunt, so grossly insulting, applied to him at such a time, he was not long surprised in turning to face the speaker, to perceive that an utter stranger, in the military uniform of an English officer, stood before him. Looking him steadily in the eye, for a few moments, he said, with sternness:

"Well, sir! I trust you are now ready to apologize, for having made a slight mistake in the individual you intended to address?"

"Is not your name George Graham?" demanded the stranger, having made a slight mistake in recognized as the person calling himself Kingsley.

"My name is George Graham," replied our hero, with increased astonishment.

"Then I have made a mistake, and shall offer no apology, unless it be to this lady, Miss Wilburn, with whom I have a slight acquaintance," was the rejoinder.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Graham, flushing with anger.

"That you have a right to know, and I will answer. Here, then, is my card—Captain Lyndon, who was all astonishment, "recognizes me as a Mr. Kingsley; but you, sir, must know me as Charles Bertrand, Captain in His Majesty's —— Regiment of Foot."

"Well, sir! I cannot say I am at all enlightened by your answer," replied Graham, haughtily. "The name of Kingsley, it is true, I did hear Major Hargrave name on their arrival here in which you introduced yourself to me," rejoined Graham.

"I am not aware that I ever before had the distinguished honor of knowing that such an individual as Charles Bertrand, Captain in His Majesty's —— Regiment of Foot, had either a terrestrial or celestial existence."

To this eyes of Kingsley or Bertrand, so we shall henceforth term him—on hearing this, assumed a strange, glassy gleam of deadly hate, his face turned white with anger, and his thin, bloodless lips became tightly compressed, as one who, convulsed with passion, is struggling to suppress its external appearance. For some moments he stood silent, his black eyes riveted upon the unyielding eye of Graham; and then, drawing his breath, and speaking through his shut teeth, he rejoined:

"Perhaps, sir, the name of Cora Allen is also unknown to you?"

At the mention of this name, Graham started, changed color slightly, and replied evasively:

"Ha! Cora Allen! what have you of her?"

"Enough, sir, to damn you in the eyes of every social circle in Philadelphia!"

"Ya false!" cried Graham: "you have been deceived!"

"Not I, sir!" returned Bertrand, with an ironical smile. "She was deceived, if you will—but I will be hanged if I think you like her; but I know what's spoke to be the truth."

"Oath! what is this?" muttered Graham, grasping the arm of Graham, and looking wildly into his face. "What new calamity is this that threatens me? I—I—I—" Graham could say no more; his throat was choked with the fear of woe, but it must be again pressed to my lips!"

"It is not necessary, Kingsley!" replied Graham, in an agitated voice. "A few words with Captain Bertrand, I trust, will set all matters right. I pray you go in, and leave us to ourselves. Come! I will escort you to the door."

"It I leave you for yourselves, in this state of excitement, I shall expect a meeting, and a satisfactory explanation," rejoined Kingsley, haughtily. "Oh! George, if there is nothing I should not hear, I pray you let me remain! I am anxious to know what it is that renders you from sets of violence! Ma!," she added, tritely, observing that Graham appeared not somewhat confused, "do not misunderstand me! I do not wish to pry into your secrets: I will stand by you, whatever the issue may be; I only wish to prevent bloodshed."

"Leave us, Miss Wilburn," said Miss Wilburn, you may remain, and hear all, if you choose," said Bertrand; "and if there is something more than friendship between you and George Graham, it may be best that you should hear. However, please yourselves—it concerns you most."

"There is no act of my life, Gertrude, that I care to make known to you," said Graham, speaking in a low, husky tone, and evidently laboring under a great deal of excitement; "unless it be reason that I do not wish to name, I should like my countenance with Captain Bertrand in his private parlor."

"Precisely so, then, that you will not proceed to acts of violence! that you will confine yourself to words alone?" said Gertrude.

"I solemnly promise that I will not be the aggressor, dearest," whispered Graham.

"I will go," returned Gertrude, "but, alas! I take with me sad forebodings. Oh! George," she added, in a low, tremulous tone, that only reached his ear, "you have said that you love me; believe you; and perhaps it may be [illegible] knowledge in return, that my heart is pure, and yours alone; and by this mutual love, I do conjure you, let us by no provocation tempt you into a quarrel involving life! I am alone, dependent, friendless, deserted, and, save you, have no one I can claim as a friend, or look up to as a protector. Should you fall, what have I to live for? should another fall by your hand, then, pained as it may be to think of, as inexcusable guilt would yawn between you and me forever!"

On hearing this, Graham appeared to be more deeply agitated than before; but he said, tenderly, in an calm and even a tone of voice as he could command:

"Believe me, dear Gertrude, I prize you and your happiness above every thing earthly, save my own honor; and be assured I will guard against aught that may bring upon you further misery."

"Do you mercifully promise this?"

"I do! I do!"

"I will retire then; but remember! I shall be trembling with fear till I see you again."

"Which shall be soon, dearest," said Graham.

As Gertrude was moving slowly away, Captain Bertrand stepped quickly to her side, and said:

"Pardon me, Miss Wilburn, if I have seemed rude and unpardonably, in my excitement, to place between you and George Graham! But if you know all, I am sure you would attach no blame to me. I see that he has a look upon your attentions, and I deeply regret it—for I speak honestly, when I say, I believe him to be a villain."

"Sir!" cried Gertrude, indignantly, drawing herself up with an air of pride and scorn as she had never before displayed; "if you have anything to say concerning George Graham, say it to him, not to me! One word for all, sir! I would believe his assertion before yours; and as you have made his sentiments correctable yours, ere I can accept it as truth."

"Very well, Miss Wilburn," rejoined Bertrand, biting his lips to keep down his passion: "I am nothing in Graham's, if you choose—but do not ever say you were not warned. I have done my duty, for your protection since I seen to me; and I am one who can never forgive a hindrance or an injury. I am angry now, for I feel that I have been, and am more deeply and intentionally insulted me; but as those are probably the last words I shall ever say to you, I say, in all sincerity, I wish you well."

On hearing this, the generous feelings of Gertrude were touched, and she felt that she no longer had dominion over her. For a few moments she stood with her eyes cast upon the ground, and then turned to offer some apology for what she now considered her own rudeness. But Graham and Bertrand had walked away, and now stood with his back toward her, as if in deep conversation. Gertrude, with a sigh, moved slowly forward, and entered the building, her heart filled with sad misgivings concerning the terrible scene which was about to take between two men of such temperaments as Graham and Bertrand.

As soon as Gertrude was out of sight, Graham, who had been pacing to and fro, in a fever of excitement, accordingly encountered Bertrand, and said:

"Sir! in the presence of a lady, you applied to me the terms of 'Liar and deceiver.' We are alone now, and I demand an explanation."

"I thought, sir, I gave it, when I mention the name of Cora Allen," replied Bertrand.

"No, sir! that was no explanation. The mention of that unfortunate lady's name, as well as a time, evidently recalled associations that I never reflect on without strong emotion. But there is nothing in the history of my acquaintance with that lady, that can give a shadow of truth to the opprobrious epithets you applied to me. And even if there were, sir," continued Graham, with angry vehemence, "according to the recognized code of honor, and what right you, a stranger to me, interfere in a matter that does not concern you."

"For the honor of Kingsley, it is true, I did lend Major Hargrave name on their arrival here in which you introduced yourself to me," rejoined Graham.

"I am ready to answer for what I have said and done, at any time, at any place, and in any way you may see fit to name," returned Bertrand, haughtily. "And furthermore, let me tell you, George Graham, that our meeting is no accidental meeting, and that the epithet I applied to you, were not spoken in the heat of passion, nor without due consideration. I have traveled a long, weary journey, for the express purpose, and deliberately insult you; and having succeeded in this part of my mission, I trust, if you have a spark of manhood in your composition, you will meet me as one gentleman should meet another."

"Your right to be met as a gentleman, I do not question, sir," replied Graham, with a scornful curl of his lip. "Nothing in your present conduct, I am certain—and nothing to the past prevents—could, so far as I can understand—gives you any claim to the title you have assumed. You come to me in the garb of the base uniform of an English officer, for the express purpose, as you admit, of insulting me; and after having accomplished that purpose, in a way that would disgrace a common bully, you claim to be a gentleman! The regular army of Great Britain, sir, have I to suppose you are speaking the truth now, when I take into consideration your conduct, and your own words about the ancestry, in the disguise of a menial, and passing yourself off as a Mr. Kingsley? I think I should be much obliged if either of us is a liar and deceiver. Then I should have greater respect for the word of him who is not a liar and deceiver. Then I should have greater respect for the word of him who is not a liar and deceiver. Then I should have greater respect for the word of him who is not

Our Correspondents

GOING WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Buffalo Grove, March 17.

MR. EDITOR:—I read with much pleasure in yours of last week, several letters, purporting to come from farmers, mechanics and laboring men, asking for information about the West, &c. You would confer a favor on me by inserting the following in your paper.

I have lived in Ogle County, Illinois, for the last six years, and have travelled extensively in Illinois, Iowa, and Southern Wisconsin, and have long since come to the conclusion that the West is the place for the man of small capital, who wishes to secure a permanent home, whether he be a farmer or mechanic; or if he intends to work out by the day or month, he cannot fail to do as well as in the Eastern cities—75 cents per day, and $15 per month, being the average wages for laborers.

The answerer of one of those letters, says that there are good locations everywhere. I agree with him so far, but would say that there are bad locations almost everywhere. It will invariably be found in all the older States and counties, that all those good locations are located. And where any amount of Government land is found vacant in New York or Pennsylvania, Ohio or Michigan, it is a good reason to suspect that it is worthless, or that some formidable obstacle is in the way.

There are tracts of land even in the fertile West, destitute of the natural advantages of wood, water and good soil. And surprising as it may appear, this land is bought and improved by some, although there are thousands of acres of fertile land, well wooded and watered, to be bought at the same price, for no other reason, than the want of better information about the country.

When one family from the East locates in such a place, it has a tendency to draw others; for if any of their connections in the East come to the West, they naturally like to go where their friends are.

To the farmer of limited means, who thinks of coming West, I would recommend the counties of Ogle, Whiteside, Winnebago and Carroll, in Illinois. These counties have excellent soil, and are well supplied with wood and water, also being remarkably healthy. Nearly all the Government land is bought up in those counties, yet there are some good locations to be had yet.

In Iowa, I would recommend him to Black Hawk County and vicinity, on the head-waters of Cedar River. You can at present have your choice of the land for $1,25 per acre. How long it will remain so, I cannot say. The timber land is mostly bought of Government, but can be had at from $5 to $10 per acre. The land in the above mentioned places is all that prairie can be, being watered by springs, from which small brooks run, uniting, they form creeks, the creeks uniting, form the beautiful rivers that wind their way to the Mississippi. I know of nowhere in Northern Illinois where a family can locate so as to be five miles from church, school-house, mill or store, or be excluded from the comforts of civilized life. Even in Iowa there is no necessity of wandering away from mills, or churches, or school-houses, to find land at $1,25 per acre. There are mills erected, and in course of being erected, on the head-waters of all the rivers, and here and there towns spring up, not to be found on the maps. These are the places for the farmer, mechanic and laborer. The mechanic who builds a mill here, in fact, starts a town, and in the absence of competition, and the rapid advancement of real estate, he is sure to make his fortune. These are the places where the farmer and mechanic may have Nature's choicest productions for a trifle.

I see that the mechanic is advised to go to Rockford, Beloit, or Janesville, &c. It will do very well for him to go there to hire out by the day, the wages being good. But to set up for himself he will encounter most of the difficulties that he does in the Eastern cities. Provision and house-rent he will find much higher than in the country. Besides, he will have to compete with men of large capital. The towns above mentioned are now considerable places. The writer of the above recommendation did not make allowance for the growth of the progressive West.

Ah, I now see the reason you do not come to the West. You are afraid you will shake to pieces, but henceforth you may dispel all such fears. Place your house by some gushing spring, and where the wind, which is almost as constant as the trade-wind of the ocean, has a chance to blow, and you are in no more danger than you are in the East. Place your house in a slough, or in the grove, and you may expect a shake now and then by way of admonition. I have known but of one case of fever and ague in our neighborhood for five years.

Any one wishing to pre empt in Illinois, can do so by calling at the Land Office.

To make the pre-emption valid, he will have to improve the land. At the expiration of the first year's pre emption, he can renew it for three or four years in succession. The advantage of pre-emption is this: a man may find a piece of land to suit him, and may not possess the means to buy, and were he to wait until he earned the money, it is likely it would be bought of Government by some other settler.

Every citizen of the United States of small capital, who intends to make farming or working by the day or month his business, ought to emigrate to the West and possess him a farm and home. Because by so doing he can have him a home that no Court or Jury can turn him out off. Because he can live with less toil and labor. Because he will realize the rapid advance of real estate. Because he will be among his equals and not his superiors in wealth. Because it is productive of morality and patriotism. Yours, J. McC.

THE CZAR.

MR. EDITOR:—Allow me to correct an error which occurred in this week's Post. You say that "the title Czar, which is a corruption of the word Cæsar, was originally assumed as a title of honor by the Grand Dukes, and recently assumed by the Emperors of Russia." The sovereigns of Russia, until Ivan Basilowitz IV, bore the title of Wenike Knez, "Great Prince," but he added that of Czar, which, in the Sclavonian language, signifies King. Peter the Great was the first ruler of Russia who bore the title of Emperor, and which was in the succeeding century. So, you see that the title of Czar was prior to that of Emperor. L.

March 25th, 1854.

Clippings.

☞ The unimproved lands of Oregon are so barren that a surveyor writes:—"I think the United States ought to make Great Britain take it all back or fight. Thank God, we did not get up to 54 40; 49 is bad enough."

☞ One of the New York Aldermen in discussing some regulation of the railroads in New York streets, said that "the carelessness of the managers of the Hudson River Railroad was unexampled in the annals of navigation!"

☞ The priests of South America were wont to tell of a gilded King, who, when he rose in the morning, was smeared with oil and covered with gold dust, blown upon him by his courtiers through long reeds. This was a fabulous personage undoubtedly, but how many modern Kings and men in office are smeared with the oil of blarney and covered with the dust of flattery, blown upon them by time serving knaves?

☞ COMPLIMENTARY.—The Rhode Island girls all sing. A friend lately from there, says they sing themselves to sleep at night, and he never heard anything like it *since he was benighted in the swamps out West.*

☞ The editor of the Springfield Post has had a capital sleigh-ride with a pair of dogs for horses. He says the owner of the dogs has been offered $150 for the span in that city.

☞ THE EASTERN QUESTION ANSWERED.—Why may we reasonably expect that the Turk will succeed in preventing the Russian bear from devouring his subjects? Why, because he's a mussle-man?

☞ John Holmes, of Stafford, Conn., made, last autumn, twenty-six barrels of wine from wild grapes, and his brother made a half a dozen barrels. Wine has been made in the town for several years.

☞ It is stated that the three thousand and fifty New England clergymen who petitioned against the "Nebraska Bill," will all preach sermons on the subject on the approaching "Fast Day."

☞ One of our editorial neighbors says the only reason why his dwelling was not blown away on Saturday, was because there was a heavy mortgage on it!—*Albany Express.*

☞ The cod-cross was cut out of the English flag by the Massachusetts Colonists, at the instigation of Roger Williams, in 1634, as it was pronounced to be a "relique of Anti-Christ."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our contributors will be the following brilliant array of writers—with all of whom positive arrangements have been made:

Mrs. Southworth, Emerson Bennett, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison and Fanny Fern.

We are now publishing, according to promise, the original novelet of

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Written expressly for the Post, by EMERSON BENNETT, author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," "The Forged Will," &c. Back numbers, containing the opening of the story, will be sent to new subscribers until farther notice.

This novelet we design following by another called

THE STEP MOTHER.

By MRS. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Home Pictures, numerous Domestic Sketches, &c.

We also have the promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Whose brilliant pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post and her own little paper for children.

We have made arrangements also for a series of articles from a new star in the literary horizon,—whose scintillations have been hailed with delight by thousands. They will be entitled a

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES.

BY FANNY FERN.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH, whose fascinating works are being rapidly republished in England, also will maintain her old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER: OR, THE FATAL VOW.

In addition to the above splendid array of Novelets and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DEMARARA, by MRS. DENISON, descriptive of the manners, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana. MR. DENISON, American Consul to British Guiana, also has promised us some letters descriptive of that portion of the South American world.

Engravings, Choice Selections, Agricultural Articles, the News, CONGRESSIONAL REPORTS, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore. And in view of the above attractions, involving a large outlay of money, we feel emboldened in asking a continuance of that warm and hearty support which we have received from our readers in years past. It needs but a proper recommendation of the Post to neighbors and friends, to swell up our list during the coming year, to the grand total of one hundred thousand subscribers. With less than that number we are resolved now not to be satisfied.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENIGMAS. We receive so many Enigmas, that we cannot find room for more than one in ten of them. We select the best, however. Charades, conundrums, problems, &c., are always greatly needed.

O. O. Respectfully declined. Sent as requested.

THE POLICY OF RUSSIA.—Recent reports from Europe point to the belief that, in case Russia is hard pushed in the war with the Allies, she will attempt to seduce the Poles and Hungarians—and even the Italians—to her side of the quarrel, by promises of securing the freedom and independence of those countries. It is even said that Nicholas has already threatened Austria and Prussia to this effect. That the Poles and Hungarians could be thus duped, one would hardly suppose possible—and yet drowning nations, like drowning men, will "catch at straws." The Poles especially, being of the same Sclavonic blood as the Russians, and cherishing, in a degree, the idea of a great union of all the various elements of that race, may bite at the barbed hook, even in spite of their thousand experiences of Russian faith and magnanimity. A large portion of the Hungarian nation is also Sclavonic—and these, it is probable, might be successfully tampered with. We hardly think the Magyars could be thus deceived; but they also, seeing Austria allied with France and England, might say to themselves, "We will join Russia to cripple Austria, and then play out the game with the perfidious Czar as we best may."

But Russia probably will never seek the aid of the revolutionary principle, as we have indicated, except as a last and desperate resort.

And apropos to these indications, we are sometimes startled to see articles in various American papers, that read almost as if a Russian pen had written them. Articles cunningly appealing to American jealousy of British power and influence—representing Russia as by no means the despot she has been painted—dressing her up in plumage borrowed for the occasion, almost like another American Eagle—and insinuating that now is the time, when England has her hands full with Russia, to pay her back for any old score.

Truly, if Great Britain were the bitter enemy thus described, the nation that would take advantage of such an occasion as the present, to strike her a coward blow, would be unworthy of any high and honorable destiny. To protect the rights of a weak and feeble state, and to limit the rapacious and unlawful growth of the most powerful enemy of the Freedom and Civilization of the Nineteenth Century, England and France, sorely against their wills, have appealed to arms. And America would be unworthy her position as the Leading Republic of the earth, should she choose such a moment to settle any old grudge with either power.

A MONUMENT TO FRANKLIN.—If those in this city desirous of doing honor to the memory of Franklin, would collect the funds to found a Museum, or a Zoological Garden—calling it after the name of Franklin—it would be much more in accordance with the character and sentiments of the Philosopher, than piling up useless marble in a monument. Both institutions are greatly needed in Philadelphia. And both, properly managed, would pay—though they should of right be free.

THE MORMONS.

These Mahometan gentlemen seem to be aware of the importance of doing the graceful and agreeable to all travellers who can wield a pen, and thus aid in moulding public sentiment in their favor. All will remember how Mr. Kane, of this city, while the Mormons were yet in Illinois, was deceived by them—and made to believe that they were the victims of an entirely unjust persecution, and that the charges brought against them as to the system of "spiritual wifedom," plurality of wives, &c., were the most unmitigated falsehoods. Our readers also will remember how short a period it has been, since a Mormon preacher denied repeatedly in our columns that the charges referred to were true. But, according to Capt. Gunnison's book, the Mormons have very few conscientious scruples as to deceiving and overreaching the "gentiles."

We make these remarks as introductory to an extract from a letter from Salt Lake, now going the rounds of the papers. The writer says, the italics being our own:

I attended church last Sunday, *and the remarks from those who spoke were just such as you hear in the States. The essential difference between the Mormons and others is that the Mormons go in for an unlimited number of wives.* A man can have as many wives as he can conveniently support. Gov. Young has his full share, and has them quartered in different parts of the town. The State House is a very creditable edifice, two stories high, and upwards of forty feet square; the first story is of red rock, second of adobe, and plastered red and white, to correspond with the first story.

"The Mormons *treat us kindly*, and *profess* attachment to the Government of the United States. They look upon Judge Brocchus as the author of the *illiberal* reports respecting them. *I never was in a place in my life in which, apparently, morality of the most rigid kind is practiced like you see it here.* There are no houses of ill fame in the town, and *swearing on the streets* is punished by a heavy fine. Contrary to my expectations, I find, on inquiry, the Americans are in a large majority in the Mormon population. Americans fill all the offices."

According to the above, then, before the Mormons adopted the practice of having a plurality of wives, there was no "essential difference between them and others."

The writer was "never" in a place where "morality of *the most rigid kind*" was practised like it is in Utah—and yet Gov. Young and others "have as many wives as they can support," "quartered in different parts of the town."

"Swearing in the streets is punished with a heavy fine." Well, swearing in the Church is not—for we have published reports of speeches in Church by Brigham Young, which contained, unless our memory fails us, choice specimens of the hardest kind of swearing.

As to there being no houses of ill fame in the Mormon settlement, with the wives of Gov. Young and others, "quartered in different parts of the town," that is a mere matter of opinion.

In conclusion, we repeat our questions of last week:—Is it not disgraceful that a man in the open practice of Polygamy, should be commissioned as Governor of a territory belonging to a Christian people [illegible]

[illegible]

Original Letter.

LETTERS FROM MRS. DENISON.

NUMBER IV.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

General News.

[illegible]

New Publications.

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1864.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 5th, Mr. Mallory presented a memorial, and other papers, and take up the Judiciary Bill.

Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, moved to amend the amendment reported by the Committee on the Judiciary, by striking out the clause which provides that the Supreme Court shall consist of nine Judges after the next vacancy occurring by the death or resignation of any one of the present Judges, and providing that the Supreme Court shall consist of seven Judges, and that no vacancy occurring after the passage of this act shall be filled, until the number of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States shall be reduced to seven, and declaring that after that time the Supreme Court shall consist of seven Judges, and no more. He said he was not opposed to the increase of the Judiciary, but he was opposed to the increase of their durability, and this was agreed to.

Mr. Bell then moved to amend the amendment so as to restore the Circuit Courts to the condition they were in before the passage of the act of 1855, repealing the Circuit Court system, and providing that the Judges of the Supreme Court should perform the duties of Circuit Judges, and declaring that after the next vacancy occurring in the Supreme Court, the Circuit Courts should be abolished, and the Judges of the Supreme Court should perform the duties of Circuit Judges, and that the Circuit Courts should not be re-established until the Supreme Court should be reduced to seven Judges.

Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky, opposed the amendment, because, while it proposed to restore the Circuit Courts, it would not restore the Circuit Judges, who had been superseded by the act of 1855, and who would have to be appointed anew.

Mr. Badger defended the modesty of which he had been accused in the matter of appointments to the Circuit Courts. He had never been an applicant for any appointment from the hands of Mr. Tyler, or any other President, and he could not be charged with any improper motive in the matter. He was perfectly willing to take his chance with the people, and he was willing to submit to the decision of the Senate on the question whether he was fit for the office of Circuit Judge.

At half past 4 o'clock the doors were opened, and the Senate adjourned. [It is understood that the Senate will remain in session to-day, (Saturday,) and probably to-morrow.]

On the 6th, the Judiciary Bill was taken up. On the motion to strike out the clause providing for the appointment of nine Judges of the Supreme Court,

Mr. Cutting—It should be considered, as I observed yesterday, that the Supreme Court is a court of appeals, and has nothing to do with the trial of the facts. The Circuit Courts are the courts of the first instance, and the Judges of the Supreme Court are the Judges of the Courts of Appeals. The Supreme Court of New York, protesting against the increase of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, declared that the Judges of the Supreme Court of New York could not perform the duties of Circuit Judges, and that they had not time to do so. The Supreme Court of the United States is in the same condition. The Judges of the Supreme Court have enough to do in the Supreme Court, and cannot perform the duties of Circuit Judges. The Judiciary Bill was then taken up.

Mr. Cutting—I have a few words to say to the gentleman from Kentucky, [Mr. Underwood,] who has just spoken. I am sorry that I cannot agree with him in the views he has expressed. I am sorry that I cannot agree with him in the views he has expressed. I am sorry that I cannot agree with him in the views he has expressed

Selected Poetry.

A PARABLE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MATTHEW xxi. 28-31. "A certain man had two sons, and he came to the first, and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. He answered and said, I will not; but afterward he repented and went. And he came to the second and said likewise. And he answered and said, I go, sir; and went not. Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto him, The first."

Truth stands as firm as ever on
Her mountain base of adamant,
Nor heeds the sea of human woe
That frets and clamors at her feet.

Content to let the ages prove
The right and wrong of their affairs,
She only asks in turn to have
Her judgments tested by the years.

Hers is the oldest written code
That bears the seal of high descent;
She only adds to what is given,
In purpose fixed and element.

For truth is one, and cannot change;
And what is false can only be
So long as it is unfound out,
Truth needs no effort, no machine.

Hers is the primal brotherhood
Of universal sympathy;
All moral natures are akin
That spring from her maternity.

Her method is the nursery's
Where nature trains her little ones,
Not the world's, where they wrestle for
The meed of barren victories.

She wants no champions in steel
To do battle in her name,
Who, justified by her great cause,
Forget the holiness of theirs.

She smiles on all her children dear
That seek to share her secret out,
And oft lets fall upon their eyes
The key to what they go about.

She sees no use in opposing powers,
Content to trust to overthrow
Of lies by truth, of wrong by right,
Of hate by love, of woe by weal.

Her warfare is to plant and build,
Not to destroy by violence;
Her flag is peace, her only sword
The shining one of common sense.

Her kingdom is not of the earth,
Her throne is in the human mind,
And so shall never pass away
Till mind shall cease to be mankind.

No selfish claim has she to push,
No rights of self to base command,
Her only plea is duty done,
Her only prayer a clean pair of hands.

Hers is the joy that mocks at fate,
The strength that neither doubts nor fears,
Which, working in the present hour,
Commits the past and future years.

And truth is hers, whose symbol is
The stainless shield of sacrifice;
On which no stain can ever rest
Which bears the brand of self device.

Hers is the secret of the ages,
Sacred to all who truly live,
Which generous souls transmit to souls
Unwilling even to forgive.

Hers is the faith that dares avow
What it has proved in silent hours,
Which makes a life a conquering force,
Which builds a heaven that earth endures.

Selected Articles.

BURIED ALIVE.

An English tailor, named Jackson, spent two years among the natives of the Fejee Islands, in the South Sea. From the narrative of his adventures, we extract the following account of burial alive. A young Fejee man was ailing; he lost his appetite, and fasting is to be intended by the Fejee intended for being a disease—those being an unendurable emotion—reported to be buried alive. Jackson tried to dissuade him from the sacrifice in vain, and the scene now to be described followed:

"By this time, all the relations had collected round the door. His father had a kind of wood, not unlike to dig the grave with, and another had a new suit of tapa, his elder some vermilion and a white's teeth, as an introduction to the most god of Sago-Sago. His mother, as is the last and realized, not be life, but for death, his father, brother and sister following after, with several other distant relations, whom I accompanied. I noticed that they seemed to following in the same way that they follow a corpse to Kreepe to the grave, (that is, as far as relationship and acquaintance are concerned,) but, instead of lamenting, they were, if not rejoicing, acting and chatting in a very unconcerned way. At last, we reached a place where several graves could be seen, and a spot was soon appointed by the man who had to be buried. The old man, his father, began digging his grave, while his mother seated her son in a sitting on a new tapa, and the girl (his sister) was humouring him with vermilion and lamp. Thus, as to be used in such hours of gaiety in the world, he (the victim) delivering messages that were to be taken by his sister to people then absent. His father then announced to him and the rest that the grave was completed, and asked him, in rather a surly tone, if that was not long enough for him. The mother then stood him, and likewise the sister. At last, before I left, I should like a drink of water. His father made a surly remark, and said, as he sat to fetch it in a leaf decided to go. This was after a considerable trouble during your life, and it appears you are going to trouble us equally in your death." The father returned with the water, which the son drank off, and then looked up to his mother, and requested to know if she should prefer being strangled with a vine in being smothered in the grave. His father became excessively angry, and spreading the mat at the bottom of the grave, told the son to die "this moment, (Tilla-a-mate,) or I will not be left the grave, which was not more than ten feet deep, and lay down on his back, with the white's teeth in his hands, which were clasped across his belly. The spare soles of the mat were lapped over him, to prevent the earth from getting to his body, and then about a foot of earth was shovelled in upon him as quickly as possible. His father managed it immediately down solid, and called out in a loud voice, 'Si-lika, si-lika,' (You are stopping them, you are stopping there,) meaning 'good-bye, good-bye.' The son answered with a very audible grunt, and then nothing but some earth was after shovelled in and stamped as before by the loving father, and 'si-lika' echoed when was quite, was answered by another grunt, but much fainter. The grave was then completely filled up, when, not certainly's sake, I said myself, 'si-lika,' but no answer was given, although I thought it possibly did see the earth and I stood on the top of the grave. The father and mother then turned back to look on the middle of the grave, and, having dropped some kind of leaves from their hands, walked away in opposite directions to a running stream of water hard by, where they and all the rest washed themselves, and made no wash myself, and then we returned to the house, where I met a feast going on. As soon as the feast was over (it being then dark) the dance and singing commenced, are always carried on either at natural or violent deaths. All classes then give themselves up to the most shameful excesses. Deaths of this sort, and crime all manner of uproar, by means of large bamboos, accompanied by which contributed to the general noise which is considered requisite to drive the spirit away, and deter him from desiring to dwell or even never about his late residence."

THE AGES.—Why quivers the aspen when not a breeze disturbs the summer heat? whilst other trees are motionless? Why is it said without the blessings of shade, it alone knows no rest.

Pride was its heart!

At that dread hour when our Redeemer suffered, the sun hid its light, and all nature quailed.

The wild beasts of the forest cowered in their dens; not a bird twittered; not an insect hummed or chirped; the voice of the breeze was hushed in the balmy air, and men awaited to learn the event.

The trees, shrubs and flowers, till the autumn of that year, and ever afterwards, with one other spot in their own mysterious language.

The lofty cedar of Lebanon (*Pinus cedrus*) reared forth its unchanging green and clothed its branches in deeper green, in sign of mourning.

"Alas! all is now over!" gently murmured the fair *Salix Babylonica* as she swept the Euphrates with its mourning branches.

The vine dresser in his vineyard saw that the vine *Vitis Labrusca* was withered, and he gathered, he called the produce *Lacrymæ Christi*.

And the *Ficus Sycomorus* arose on the Golgotha the *Magnetic trunks* (*Magnolia glauca*) of Virginia offered it up, to redeem the suffering Son of man.

The *Iris Susiana* said to the system, "from this day will I bend myself in a part of mourning." "And I," replied the bank, "will spread my beneath lake to my abode among the banks, in memory of this hour."

A form filled through the gloom—it was *Saturnus*, the angel of death, on his way to the cross: and when a voice was heard a peep,

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" every leaves, and heard and quivered.

The *Populus alnus*, a tall, lofted tree, stood and lamented on the Sycamore.

"What are thy sufferings to me?" it cried, "I am plants need no mourning: we are not sinful."

But the angel of death who heard this heard, and, rebuffed upon the hapless tree, and the noble *Populus Fagulus* was struck as with a palsy.

The lament changed; never from that moment has it ceased to tremble and, and it is called the *Populus Tremulus*, or the aspen, to this day.

AN ARCTIC WALK.

The following is from the Portland Transcript, in search of the John Franklin:

"Time 10 on shore—Set out on foot, clothed in sealskin boots and Arctic canvas. The thermometer, in the shade, stood at zero, and the sun stood blood red on the horizon, and nearly due south.

"Given the fire for the final interest or two, and added the sole of one boot, which had come off in the morning, and the necessity for breaking a fire, and the time lost in so doing, and we had walked about 10 miles.

"The barren, sparkless, crystalized and the dreary palaeontic of the earth, together a desolate, white, and appalling appearance, that the heart must feel. The mercury was down to 30° below zero, and the sun was so low that he penetrate through two or three inches of ice, and not give out heat.

"But we have been supposing your book in the wind: and if you are a good Associated of faith, a warm glow has already been created by a perfect cure. Now turn about and face the wind, and what is there? Not the cutting air you rushed on? how penetratingly the cold thrusts down your neck and in at your pantaloons? Just a pack-ice harrowfield, like Mr. Seaver's eyes, 'completely sunny' in the broad sense of the word. Compared to something as cold as ice and not as firm; make your way back to the ship! I was soon caught three miles off with a freshening wind, and it soon found itself in a perfect gale, with the keg again. Seaton, she encountered the full force of the storm, and I felt that lethargic nonsense mentioned in the navy books.

"I will tell you what this feels like, for I have been twice 'caught out.' Sleepiness is not the sensation. Have you ever come in from a long walk in the country, and been detained, and the parents' dinner hour passed, and you don't feel as if standing up to your chair-seat?